

SATURDAY CLUB HOLDS ITS GALA DAY

MANY MEMBERS WRITE VALENTINES IN PROSE AND POETRY TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION

DINNER AT THE INN

Annual Special Day of Plymouth Woman's Club Occurs at Home of Mrs. J. B. Howell

About sixty members of the Saturday Club and a few guests gathered at the beautiful home of Mrs. J. B. Howell Saturday afternoon to celebrate their annual Gala Day.

The program began at three o'clock and continued with varying exercise until 7:30.

Excellent music was furnished by Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Yockey, Mrs. Cook, and Miss Katherine Brosnahan of Pierceton.

Mrs. Schell and Miss Hamacher each gave a recitation which was very much appreciated. Mrs. Blain read an interesting paper on "The History and Legends of St. Valentine's Day." Words of greeting were read from several absent members.

Perhaps the most pleasing part of the program was the response to Roll call by original valentines. Some of these are given below:

"With eyes so blue
And cheeks so fair,
With glints of sunshine
In your hair,
My love, my heart,
My all is thine,
My little grandson valentine."
Mrs. North.

The following was addressed to Tressie Linkenhelt by an admirer: "Here's to you my Valentine. Here's to you, just one line—Of all the folks I know Of all the flowers that grow I love you the best."

This tribute of love, today I bring And around your heart affection cling; Accept this gift. 'Tis from the heart, And I will gladly do my part.
Mrs. Woodbury

'Tis mating time. 'Tis mating time For man and beast and bird. Then wilt thou not be my valentine? I will be true, I will be true, I gladly say this unto you.
Mrs. Kilmer

To My Son.
Comes now, my sweetheart, valentine And round me doth his arms entwine While sweetly, lovingly into my ear He whispers, "I love you, Mother Dear."
Mrs. Blain.

To thee I give my happy heart And though the years be long I hope that we shall ne'er part But spend our lives in one sweet song. So if you'll be my valentine Just write to me a little line And then I'll love you all the time And we shall live in sunny climes
Mrs. Pfing.

My fond sweet love will 'ere be thine If thou wilt be my valentine Oh, the Saturday Club, I dearly love, And all the ladies in it I want a large part of its composite heart— What shall I do to win it?
Miss Barr

Dear ones, once more this Gala Day rolls round And I must think of what I'll say to you. The words will have a joyous sound If they but tell you of my love so true. Ah many days have passed away And very happy has been this golden time, Since I confessed my love for you When you asked me to be your Valentine.
Mrs. Hitchcock

Dear Saturday Club, old friend of mine I send to you this token, My love and friendship will be thine When last kind words are spoken.
Mrs. Underwood.

Our Annual White Goods Sale Begins Friday, February 17th

In spite of the constantly increasing prices of Cotton goods, we are enabled through large purchases to offer you a decided saving during this sale. Do not compare these prices with those offered in former years, but with the prices charged by other stores and you will see that this is a genuine Money Saving event. Our stock was never more complete nor beautiful. We urge you to make your selections early.

Sale Commences Friday, February 17, and Continues Until Saturday, Feb. 25

White Bed Spreads	White Waistings	Laces and Embroideries	All Kinds of White Goods
\$1.50 Fringed Bed Spreads.....\$1 23	A Handsome Sheer Lawn.....10c	1 Lot genuine linen laces 1 to 1½ inches wide per yard.....5c	20c Indian Head.....14c
2.00 Fringed Bed Spreads.....1 53	Mercerized Cloth Embossed Pattern.....12½c	1 Lot Torchon laces 2 to 4 in. wide insertion to match.....5c	25c Indian Head.....18c
3.00 Fringed Bed Spreads.....2 25	Regular 20c Waistings.....14c	1 Lot Val. laces all widths, insertion to match worth up to 12½c.....5c	20c Linene Waisting.....15c
2 00 Plain Bed Spreads.....1 55	Regular 25c ".....18c	45 inch flouncing \$1.25 value.....79c	25c Linene Waisting.....18c
3 50 Plain Bed Spreads.....2 35	Regular 30c ".....22c	1 Lot pretty embroideries 3 to 10 inches wide with insertions to match.....9c	35c Linene Waisting.....25c
White Bleached Muslins and Cambrics	Regular 35c ".....25c	Corset cover embroideries of good cambric per yd. only.....22c	5c Plain Handkerchiefs.....3c
36 inch Good White Muslin.....7c	Regular 50c ".....35c		35c White Madras.....22c
36 inch Extra Good Muslin.....8½c	India Linons		25c White Madras.....19c
12½c Bleached Lawnsdale.....9½c	Regular 10c India Linons.....7c		4 Skeins Peri Lustre.....10c
15c White Cambric.....11c	Regular 12½c ".....10c		White Pearl Buttons.....3c
18c Genuine Lawnsdale Cambric.....14c	Regular 15c ".....11½c		White (only) hooks and eyes.....3c
9-4 Bleached Sheeting.....28c	Regular 20c ".....14c		Best Cotton Thread (white).....4c
Towels and Toweling	Regular 30c ".....19c		A White Petticoat of best quality muslin embroidery, lace trimmed, worth \$1 25.....79c
18x30 Huck Towels.....10c	15c Long Cloth.....12½c		Ladies' Muslin Drawers of excellent quality muslin, trimmed with lace and embroidery worth 35c.....9c
20x36 Turkish Towels.....12c			Table Linens
24x36 Linen Huck Towels.....19c			60 inch White Mercerized Damask.....35c
Full Bleached Linen Toweling.....10c			70 inch White Mercerized Damask.....46c
" Huck Toweling.....19c			68 inch German Linen Damask.....73c
" Linen Huck 50c value.....35c			70 inch Satin Damask.....\$1.45
Best Cotton Thread (white only).....4c			1 pattern (border all around) \$3.25 value 2 48
			1 pattern 70x 106 inches, worth \$4 00.....2 88

THE BEE HIVE
PLYMOUTH, INDIANA

Our Valentine.

She is very lovely—extending to all a gracious and gentle kindness. The years have taken her youth, but have left in its stead a ripened experience, a calm dignity, and majestic peace. Her delight is in every good work; to know her is to love her; to obey her is to become better; for her motto, "Mutual improvement and helpfulness to others," and her name is—The Saturday Club.

Miss Klinger.

I begged dear good St. Valentine To grant me inspiration. Though flowery speech was not my line. Nor rhyming my vocation, Yet I longed to send a message fine Of true appreciation. A tribute to some ladies fair— Instead of one,—thrice twenty The good saint gasped in read despair.

He thought it was a plenty He wouldn't help me out a bit, Unless I'd use his phrases He wasn't certain they were fit To sing a whole club's praises; He dealt in love but not with it In those collective phrases "Ah well," I said, "your language gay

For once I'll use it boldly, The ladies of the Saturday Club— They will not judge me coldly." So will ye, all ye ladies met, Accept my love undying? 'Tis true enough, I'll ne'er forget The fun we've had a trying To improve our knowledge and to get

The good there is no buying. And if I say that oft toward you My inmost heart grows tender, Why that is true in substance, too. The thread of life is slender; I often think if we but knew What service we might render Though taking pains to cultivate A warmer fellow feeling, We would not wish—nor dare to wait

(Our heart meanwhile congealing.) Till one like this good saint of old Occasionally reminds us We need not grow severe and cold E'en though we're left behind us. The days of youth and romance bright

They were but preparation. Who says (I make quotation) "For life with all its yields of joy or woe Or hope or fear Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love How love might be, hath been indeed, and is "

So love that wakens with a song, Which oftens turns into waiting, Becomes a pulse, a heart beat strong Untiring, never fading And light which burns so bright in youth. So bright, but so Unsteady— Becomes as calm and broad as

truth A mirror ever ready To reflect the sun, "The Day-spring from on high"
Mrs. Brown.

Of all the wishes of my heart For you, dear valentine, The dearest is, in future years, The wish that you'll be mine—
Mrs. Holtzendorff.

WOMAN

God has made woman the guardian of the child; the guardian of the home; the guardian of the Sacred Truths which are told in song and story. A child learns more in one day at the mother's knee than in a journey 'round the globe. Those first years when the mother hovers over the child and imparts to it the precious treasures of the past breathe into it the aspirations and instills into it the ideas of its ancestors, are sacred beyond words.

Women are often criticised for struggling to secure the so-called woman's rights,—we are not struggling for our rights in order to enjoy them selfishly but in order to better do some of God's work in the world. And may Heaven's richest blessings rest upon all women who struggle and climb from that fettered life; which is characteristic of the past, and ascend into higher and nobler regions of thought. The ascent upwards is not easy nor without its dangers. Two things are required in every ascension; courage and the preservation of one's head—"Up to her chamber a slight wire tressies goes, And up this Romeo ladder clammers a bold white rose. I lounge in the ilex shadows; I see the lady lean,

Unclasping her silken girdle, the curtain folds between, She smiles on her white rose lover, she reaches out her hand, And helps him in at the window,—I see it where I stand— To her lips she holds him and kisses him many a time, Oh me, it was he who won her because he dared to climb."

The courage of the ascent is the first element in all true progress and thank God, woman has come to an inheritance of courage and is ready to take the chance and climb. May God enable her to preserve the courage of her heart and the integrity of her judgment as she scales the perilous heights.—Mrs. Winings.

The program was interesting by a social hour during which the ladies indulged in conversation and sipped punch in the dining room. At six o'clock all repaired to the Plymouth Inn where long tables seated the entire company. Each lady found her plate by means of dainty place cards in the hands of a red pasteboard cupid. At each plate was a red carnation and a small red candle in a tiny candle stick. A delicious four course dinner was served to which all the ladies did ample

justice, giving the chatanqua salute to Mrs. Bert Howell at the close in token of their appreciation.

The entertainment committee who had Gala Day in charge were Mrs. J. B. Howell, Mrs. C. W. Metsker, Mrs. Floyd Bunnell and Mrs. Herbert Hess

TELLS AWFUL EXPERIENCES IN MONTANA

CARL W. RIDDICK WRITES OF SICKNESS WHICH CAME NEAR BRINGING DEATH IN NORTH WESTERN BLIZZARD.

LIFE IN HOSPITAL

Well Known Indiana Man Has Terrible Suffering From Fever and Cold In Strange Land.

The following letter from Carl W. Riddick, former editor of Winamac Republican and ex-secretary of the Republican State Committee, to his sister, Mrs. S. E. Boys will be of interest to many here. Mr. Riddick has been very sick for several weeks with typhoid fever.

Lewistown, Mont., Feb. 8, 1911. I am much better and able to sit up, and eat some. Your letters, all of you, have helped me so much at a time when I needed help and sympathy sorely. I have always lived in an atmosphere of love and affection, and oh, how I have missed my loved ones here, where the nurses speak a foreign language, and we can hardly understand each other and where I am only "No. 12" fed and given medicine at stated intervals and in measured quantities, like an ox in its stall. No pleading for a drink, for a sup or a bite more avails anything. Everything is so stern.

January third, Merrill and I were hauling a load to the ranch. When fifteen miles out I was taken violently sick. Merrill spread a blanket on a soft snow bank and I lay down and he covered me up and unheeded and fed the four horse team. After an hour we went on. Eighteen miles out we came to a house and I went in to

get some hot tea. I must have fainted away. I remembered I was on a lounge, suffering terribly, while they were giving me some hot pain-killer and undressing me. A bad storm was coming up. I grew worse and a young man rode five miles to a mining town and brought the doctor who gave me morphine and left more and charged me \$15. The young man charged \$5 for going after the doctor. That night, in my delirium, undressed, I started out in the blizzard, but was discovered and put back to bed.

The next day, in a bob-sled, filled with straw I was taken to the miner's hospital at Kendall. Oh how I suffered. Here I was kept under morphine, and had to be dealt with harshly in my wild delirium to keep me in bed, until I regarded everybody as my enemy, and with terror and suspicion.

After five days my fever went down and I called the doctor and asked him what was the matter with me. "Nervous attack," he said. The pain I then suffered was something awful, he said it was but imaginary. "You have no fever, your functions are all normal and working right, and except weak you are a well man," said he, "if you would only believe it."

I said if that was so to make out my bill, bring my clothes, and hire a fast team and driver to take me to Lewistown, where I believed the boys to be at our room.

It was twenty-two miles and 25 degrees below zero. My circulation was bad. Arrived at town, the room was cold and deserted, and I was suffering intensely, and oh so sick.

Half way to town I had asked the driver what his charge was for the trip. "\$9," he said. I said to drive a little faster and I would make it ten. I think that extra dollar saved my life. Finding the room empty, and in desperation, for I was in a high fever and having chills, and faint and delirious, and crazy with pain, I had him drive me to the hospital and wait until I entered. At the door I could not make my wants known and was directed to the poor house, in sight over the hills four miles away. The driver made the woman, a nun, understand that I would pay my way and I was let in. My nose and face and both hands and feet were frozen and I was as wild and crazy as any lunatic. And oh how I suffered for two or three weeks, for many days and nights without a wink of sleep.

It is all a terrible nightmare, but it is all over now, and I will soon be out. The Methodist people here have been so kind, calling and bringing flowers and treating me as if I were a brother.

We are anticipating a new home life here with no politics, no business worries, no telephone to jar the home circle, a real home life, just ourselves. We are building a comfortable, modern seven room house, small barn, have four fine horses, five excellent cows, will get more stock, put out oats and wheat, set an orchard

and live near to nature.
Carl W. Riddick.

Center Teachers' Institute.

Center Township Teachers' Institute met in session Saturday in the K. of P. Hall. Special features of the session were the eighth grade of the Inwood schools used in a recitation in Geography, based on Indiana, conducted by Miss Arvada Parker, also the class as a model recitation in History work, conducted by Mr. Helm the subject being "The Acquisition of the United States Territory." The chairman, Mr. Tebay and Mr. Steinhach were in attendance.

Has Third Stroke of Paralysis

Nathan Dickson, clerk at the Ross House, had a third stroke of paralysis Sunday and is in a dangerous condition. Mrs. Grant Beltz.

Mrs. Grant Beltz.

Mrs. Grant Beltz died at her home in Lynn, Mass., on Friday. The body was brought to Bourbon today and the funeral held. The burial was at Bethel. Mrs. Beltz is a brother of Mr. Frank Corl of Bourbon.

MARRIED

Stephenson-Parks.

William J. Stephenson and Cora Parks were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents near Inwood Saturday evening at six o'clock. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Parks, well known farmers of Center township and is a popular young lady who has many friends to wish her happiness. The groom is the son of Mrs. Willis Stephenson who resides southeast of Plymouth and is a prosperous young farmer of that community.

BILL AGAINST "PEEPING TOM"

It Carriers With It Penalty of \$500 Fine and Sixty Days' Imprisonment for this Class of Sneaks.

State Senator Wood has introduced a bill directed at "Peeping Tomases." It provides that it shall be a misdemeanor for any one to enter the enclosed or unenclosed premises of another for the purpose of peeping, peeking or looking into the house through the windows or in other ways. A penalty of not more than \$500 to which not more than sixty days' jail imprisonment may be added, is provided.

Under the present law "Peeping Toms," if prosecuted, must be proceeded against under the trespass statute. The trespass statute, however, provides that a demand to leave. Republican office for the best sale bills.

the premises must be made and not complied with before the offender may be fined. Wood says the city of Lafayette has several fellows who could be put out of business with his bill.

BOYHOOD CHUMS MEET

Marshall County Man Celebrates Reunion with Old Friend at Michigan City

Marvin Lowden, who resides at Lake Maxinkuckee, Marshall county, was entertained at dinner Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Hampton, 110 Holiday street, Michigan City. Mr. Hampton and Mr. Lowden are old boyhood friends and they met a few days ago for the first time in 35 years. Mr. Hampton happened to be in LaPorte on business and there by mere chance met Mr. Lowden, who was on his way to Michigan to visit a sister. They used to chew each other's gum and sleep together in a trundle bed, but as they grew up their pathways through life parted and they finally lost trace of each other. They were so elated over getting together once more that a few moments' conversation was not sufficient, so Mr. Hampton invited Mr. Lowden to stop here on his way home from Michigan and spend the day with him, says The Dispatch. Mr. Lowden came in yesterday morning and remained here until the Lake Erie train went south at 3:15. They reviewed their boyhood days down on the farm and to say that it was one of the most pleasant events in their lives does not fully express it.

WOMAN SEEKS DIVORCE

Mrs. Ida M. Leslie alleges. That Husband Threatened to Take Her Life.

In her complaint for divorce, filed Saturday, Mrs. Ida M. Leslie alleges that her husband, John P. Leslie, who has since deserted her, at one time threatened to take her life. Mrs. Leslie states that her husband was an habitual drinker during the years of their married life, and that he continually mistreated her. The plaintiff asks for a divorce and for the restoration of her maiden name, Ida M. VanGundy. S. N. Stevens is attorney for Mrs. Leslie.

Canvassers Meet Tonight

The canvassers for securing a local option election will meet tonight at the Methodist church, with all others who are interested.